

SHORT BITS

THAT ARE ENCOUNTERED EVERY DAY

By our Very Efficient Corps
of Reporters who are Al-
ways on the Spot

When anything Occurs that
Is of Interest To our
Readers

Stage travel is very light at present.
To-day is the second week of school.

Joe Pascholt and Carl Heyne went to
Fairbank this evening on business.

Deputy Sheriff John Crowley came in
on last night's coach from Tucson.

Local items are very scarce to-day.

The thermometer registered 87 degrees
at noon to-day.

It is fifteen degrees warmer in Tucson
than in Tombstone.

To-morrow will be low day in the
County Court.

E. J. Norris is now night watchman at
the Contention mine.

Hon. John Wesson and Ernest McCune
were in the city yesterday.

Fred W. Heyne arrived in this city yester-
day from Bisbee.

Superintendent Gage returned last even-
ing from Carlson, N. M.

For some unaccountable reason our Chas-
ton correspondence has failed to reach us
for the past few days.

Judge Robinson is again upon the streets,
after being confined to his room with a
severe attack of fever.

A pleasant breeze sprang up this after-
noon and cooled the atmosphere wonder-
fully.

Little Jaky, who departed from here
some time since for Aspen, Colorado, has
been heard from in Leadville, Colorado.

To-day is a Jewish holiday, and all the
stores will be closed up at 6 o'clock this
evening.

E. S. Penwell and V. B. Pinkston, who
left this city some time ago, are employed
at Los Vegas, New Mexico.

The new paper recently started at
Pinal has failed to materialize in this
neat-o woods yet. Send it along Bro. K.

W. H. Smith, having furnished the
required bond of \$250, was released from
custody this morning.

Our esteemed contemporary states that
Pilgrim Adams has succeeded in securing
a house on Tonghtout street.

Read the new advertisement of Birks &
Walters, proprietors of the St. Julian
restaurant, which appears in another col-
umn.

A new comet has been discovered, but
it cannot be seen yet without the aid of a
telescope. It is at present in the con-
stellation of dog stars.

John Patrick Clark in his report of the
Springer musical last night, dwelt lovingly
upon the beautiful lunch. John likes the
good things of this world.

Tom Steadward and Henry, who were
the waiter and cook at the Con Can, in
this city for a long time, are engaged in
the restaurant business in Aspen, Co and

John Patrick Clark still believes that some
one will recognize him as a commission-
er and send him some specimens so that he
can go to New Orleans and board for life
months.

The musical given by Mr. and Mrs. Albert
Springer last evening in honor of the birth-
day of their little daughter Edna, was a very
pleasant affair, and was thoroughly enjoyed
by those who were present.

C. A. Luckier, who was arrested in this
city some time ago and taken to N. w.
Mexico, charged with cattle stealing, has
been tried and acquitted, and returned to
this city last evening.

The Chinese on Allen and Third street
had quite a row last night at about 1
o'clock, and were calling loudly for a
policeman. We did not learn whether
any arrests had been made.

A Chinese cook, and a white waiter em-
ployed at the International restaurant got
into a row yesterday, and engaged each other
in great shape. The Chinaman got consider-
ably the worst of the fight. Both parties
were arrested and will have their trial to-
morrow.

The county officers have very little to
do just at present, and as they have to
stay in their offices so many hours each
day, they put in their time improving
their mind and can be found reading the
news of the world at any time you might
want to drop in.

A party consisting of W. S. Edwards,
J. E. Jackson, James Colquhoun, Fred
Nye and Major Streeter departed this
afternoon for the Lampson mine in Sonora.
The party were well supplied with provi-
sions, etc., and had a good camping
outfit.

Gunning for Whales.

LA BAIE DES CHALEURS, Aug. 15.—There
are few whalers in August when a sloop is
not accountable here, yet 800 years ago, when
arques Bartier sailed into these waters, he
gave them the name of the Bay of Hosts.
The Indian name is much to be preferred
as more to the purpose, being Ec Retaue
Ismache, or the bay or sea of fish. Even
now men about Chaleurs is a fisherman
and those who are not fisherman are in the
fish-curing business, or in some way con-
nected with the gill net industry.

The other morning, before New Yorkers
were awake, I found myself gilling down
the bay toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence in
a sloop and saw a fore-and-aft sail as it was
over my gunboat to meet. Everything
was planned beforehand, and, after a
short mile or two, the schooner rounded to on
rocky point, and about appearing, we took
her, and were soon landed in the cabin of a
handsome guide and fisherman of those parts.
"What shall we start, Sandy?" asked
my friend.

"In about an hour," replied the fisherman,
"then the tide's in check."

"I've brought no tackle," I suggested.
"You don't want tackle for the whale por-
pus," said Sandy, with a laugh. "There's
the tackle for them," he continued, taking
up an old-fashioned rifle and throwing down
the barrel.

By the time a hurried sea-faring dinner had
been devoured, the tide was full, and, follow-
ing the fisherman, we went down to the
little cove before his house, where a heavy
boat was jacking at her moorings, as it was
about to be off. The old man had given each
of us a rifle.

"They are not pretty guns, that's fact," said
Sandy, as he tramped up the salt and the
heat drove away, "but they're shooters, and
don't you forget it."

"Thank you, god," whispered the old man, as
a strong, loud puff came over the water, and a
faint sound of spray dashed from the crest
of a wave. "Sandy," said the old man, leapt
from the deck and seized his rifle. The next
moment a round, bone-white hide puffed up
just off the beam. There was a crack as if a
cannon had exploded, and the huge form of
a whale rose bodily four feet into the air and
fell with a sounding crash.

"I winged him!" shouted the old man.
The whale was whirling merrily in erratic
manner, beating the water with terrible blows
with his powerful tail.

"Hold out for him! He's a comin'!" And
with a blind rush the rascal held fast
and the boat was sounding blow that lifted
her high above water.

"Gimme the sheet!" shouted the fisherman,
who was passing up the rope that
answered for a mast. The passenger
grasped the rope, and amid the spray from the
tossing whale, the old man seized his rifle and
the old man rose and gave another bullet into
the white target. "They're here, and if
you don't bring 'em first shot," he said.

"Now you pull up and I'll give him the
lance."

The whale was still making the water roar
when the prows of the boat drew up alongside.
A quick blow—the water was discolored
by the blood of the beautiful creature.
A few more blows right and left. A harpoon
was dashed to it and the boat fell away for
another.

"There's your chance," said the fisherman,
as a full cable hundred yards away. "You
take that too far, but you can tell me just where
he'll come up a second time. Put your rifle
over there," continued the fisherman, pointing
to a gun 200 rods in advance of the spot
where the whale had dived again, and the
old man rose and gave another bullet into
the white target. "They're here, and if
you don't bring 'em first shot," he said.

"Now you pull up and I'll give him the
lance."

The whale was still making the water roar
when the prows of the boat drew up alongside.
A quick blow—the water was discolored
by the blood of the beautiful creature.
A few more blows right and left. A harpoon
was dashed to it and the boat fell away for
another.

"There's your chance," said the fisherman,
as a full cable hundred yards away. "You
take that too far, but you can tell me just where
he'll come up a second time. Put your rifle
over there," continued the fisherman, pointing
to a gun 200 rods in advance of the spot
where the whale had dived again, and the
old man rose and gave another bullet into
the white target. "They're here, and if
you don't bring 'em first shot," he said.

"Now you pull up and I'll give him the
lance."

The whale was still making the water roar
when the prows of the boat drew up alongside.
A quick blow—the water was discolored
by the blood of the beautiful creature.
A few more blows right and left. A harpoon
was dashed to it and the boat fell away for
another.

"There's your chance," said the fisherman,
as a full cable hundred yards away. "You
take that too far, but you can tell me just where
he'll come up a second time. Put your rifle
over there," continued the fisherman, pointing
to a gun 200 rods in advance of the spot
where the whale had dived again, and the
old man rose and gave another bullet into
the white target. "They're here, and if
you don't bring 'em first shot," he said.

"Now you pull up and I'll give him the
lance."

The whale was still making the water roar
when the prows of the boat drew up alongside.
A quick blow—the water was discolored
by the blood of the beautiful creature.
A few more blows right and left. A harpoon
was dashed to it and the boat fell away for
another.

"There's your chance," said the fisherman,
as a full cable hundred yards away. "You
take that too far, but you can tell me just where
he'll come up a second time. Put your rifle
over there," continued the fisherman, pointing
to a gun 200 rods in advance of the spot
where the whale had dived again, and the
old man rose and gave another bullet into
the white target. "They're here, and if
you don't bring 'em first shot," he said.

"Now you pull up and I'll give him the
lance."

The whale was still making the water roar
when the prows of the boat drew up alongside.
A quick blow—the water was discolored
by the blood of the beautiful creature.
A few more blows right and left. A harpoon
was dashed to it and the boat fell away for
another.

"There's your chance," said the fisherman,
as a full cable hundred yards away. "You
take that too far, but you can tell me just where
he'll come up a second time. Put your rifle
over there," continued the fisherman, pointing
to a gun 200 rods in advance of the spot
where the whale had dived again, and the
old man rose and gave another bullet into
the white target. "They're here, and if
you don't bring 'em first shot," he said.

"Now you pull up and I'll give him the
lance."

The whale was still making the water roar
when the prows of the boat drew up alongside.
A quick blow—the water was discolored
by the blood of the beautiful creature.
A few more blows right and left. A harpoon
was dashed to it and the boat fell away for
another.

"There's your chance," said the fisherman,
as a full cable hundred yards away. "You
take that too far, but you can tell me just where
he'll come up a second time. Put your rifle
over there," continued the fisherman, pointing
to a gun 200 rods in advance of the spot
where the whale had dived again, and the
old man rose and gave another bullet into
the white target. "They're here, and if
you don't bring 'em first shot," he said.

"Now you pull up and I'll give him the
lance."

The whale was still making the water roar
when the prows of the boat drew up alongside.
A quick blow—the water was discolored
by the blood of the beautiful creature.
A few more blows right and left. A harpoon
was dashed to it and the boat fell away for
another.

MISCELLANEOUS

ITEMS OF INTEREST WHICH INTEREST EVERYBODY

In this Thriving City of
Tombstone, And Which
we Publish Daily

To all who may favor us with
their Subscriptions and
Advertising

Bill R. Long's "boss" dog, we are pleased to
state is unscrupulous.

Mr. John Parish, brother of Mr. Thomas
Parish of this city, is visiting in this city.

Our reporter drew a blank in the county
court today.

County Judge Street has decided that the
Assessor is the proper person to collect the
arms and ammunition.

Mr. Wm. Duncan, of Duncan & Roppe's
ranch on the south side of the Huachuca is
visiting in this city.

W. H. Smith was released today upon
posting a bond in the sum of \$200 with
J. P. Bailey and F. A. Abbott as sureties.

The parties recently arrested by Deputy
Sheriff Crowley for cattle stealing, will be
sentenced by Judge Street tomorrow morning.

Don't forget to secure your seats for the
concert and how to get to it by the Fourth Cavalry Band, at Schieffelin Hall, on the 24th
instant. This is the Bluebird in the Territory.

"It is not seen, therefore, how ammunition
issued for the specific purposes set forth in
the above acts can be expended in target
practice."

In view of the above report, the Department
most decline your request.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,

No Ammunition for Target Practice.

The following communication, received by
Adjutant-General Sherman from the War
Department, will be read with interest by
the friends of the Te Hoyos:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY,
September 2, 1873.

SIR:—Referring to your letter of the 21st
ultimo, requesting permission to allow the
several regularly organized militia companies
in Arizona Territory to use in target
practice a reasonable amount of ammunition
now in your custody, I have the honor to ad-
vise you that the same has been referred to the
Acting Chief of Ordnance, who reports
thereon as follows:

"Acts of Congress, approved July 31, 1873,
March 3, 1877; May 16, 1888, and June 2,
1878 (copy enclosed), entitle each Territory
to 4,000 arms and 100,000 cartridges, upon the
disbursement thereof giving credit and sufficient
bands, or bands, for the return of said arms.
These bands have been given by the
Governor of Arizona.

"The acts above cited provide that arms
and ammunition shall only be issued upon
the requisition of the Governor of the Territory
showing the absolute necessity for the same
for the protection of the citizens and
their property against Indian raids into the
territory.

"It is not seen, therefore, how ammunition
issued for the specific purposes set forth in
the above acts can be expended in target
practice."

In view of the above report, the Department
most decline your request.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,

JOHN L. WEADON, Chief Clerk.

A Guileless Looking Fisherman.

[Detroit Free Press.]

On the boat coming down from the Flats
the other evening was a young man and a
black bass. They were a pair. That is, the
young man had in some way accumulated
the holly, which was dead. He was such a
guileless looking young man that several
parties thought to guy him and his catch.
The fish was hanging to a peg, and with it a
pair of small balances, which enable a fisherman
to weigh his victims, providing they
don't go over twenty pounds.

"Catch it all alone?" asked one.

No reply.

"Pull very hard?" asked a second.

No reply.

"Were you much over three days about
it?" queried a third, and so it went on for
ten minutes, while the fisherman had nothing
to say. At length one of the crowd re-
marked:

"That bass will weigh all of half a pound."

"I doubt it," replied another.

"Say, fisherman, what are the figures?"

"Two pounds," was the solemn answer.
The fisherman pulled a \$10 bill from his
vest, and laid it on his knee and said:

"If he don't the money is yours. Put up!"

After some hesitation a shake of the scale
was raised, the fish hung to the scales, and he
showed 12 ounces over. The crowd kicked
on the scales, and the fish was weighed in the
steamer's pantry. The figures held good,
but he was weighed again when the boat
headed, and the money had to be passed
over.

"How